



"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 1.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1855.

NUMBER 42.

Christian Spiritualist,

PUBLISHED BY
THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL
KNOWLEDGE,
At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

The CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST is published every Saturday morning.
TERMS—Two Dollars per year, payable within three months.
Ten copies for Eighteen Dollars; or, one person sending us ten subscribers will be entitled to a copy for one year.
SINGLE COPIES—Five Cents.

All business letters and communications should be addressed to the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, or, EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST, No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

EXPENSIVE DEVELOPMENT.

BY S. M. PETERS.

[Continued from No. 39.]

There is a fact in the unfolding of the principle of harmony in connection with my impressionary history, that may prove interesting to the general reader. Some of my best impressions are received in the workshop amid the din of hammers. Poems and lengthy prose articles pass before the mind, all unconscious of the presence of my shopmates or their incessant clatter. My mind is entirely abstracted from my work, which goes on the same nevertheless, and my whole mentality is absorbed in the communication until spoken to, when the spell is broken. But if seated in a circle or with a single individual, I am seldom impressed, and then but momentarily. Why is this? Simply because long practice has harmonized my mind to the noise of the workshop. I can write at the foot of a carat, amid the humming of bees or the rustling of the foliage, but not in human society, with their thoughts directed towards me. Who says this is psychology? Speak up somebody and tell us all you know about it. The possessor of a naturally unfolded Spiritual gift will never ask, "what is the use of Spiritualism?" I know that my gift is very imperfect, but it is a never-failing remedy for every ill. If the mind shrinks from the perplexities and cares that through the way, a Spirit whispers:

If tempests strive to overwhelm,
And billows wild thy bark submerge,
Reef close the sail, secure the helm,
And drive right through the foaming surge.
Then clamber to the topmost shroud,
And bend thy daring glance aft,
Lo! yonder light beyond the cloud,
"Tis hope's, sweet hope's bright guiding star.

Soon as my head presses the pillow, I hear them again:

Over the low breathing slumber,
Slumber of peace and of rest,
Scraphs of hope without number.
Point to the band of the blest.
Where the bright future discloses
Regions of beauty and light,
Where the tired Spirit reposes,
Where severed Spirits unite.

A few years since, I was somewhere in the vicinity of that locality, known to medical men as the "point of death." Well-meaning orthodox friends took advantage of my situation to overwhelm me with the immensity of God's love, by describing the ample accommodations He had prepared for all outside of their church in the lake of fire and brimstone. After detailing the bill of fare in that extensive and fashionable establishment, they proceeded as usual in such cases to inform me that my only chance for better quarters was to throw myself on the mercies of their creed, make no efforts to cleanse myself, and die in as dirty a condition as possible. Of all the cowardly practices to which sectarianism ever resorted to advance its ends, this is the most contemptible. When the Spirit is struggling to retain its hold of the material habitation, and thinking of the loved ones who are not yet prepared to meet the responsibilities of life, how consoling are the promises of Jesus.—How it needs the assurance that all will be well. But to attack a man when he is in no condition to defend his faith, and psychologize his mind with inharmonious and distracting thought, is the climax of meanness, madness, and folly. Many a death-bed is made horrible, and many a soul is sent howling across the border, incompetent for the moment to discriminate between sulphur and salvation by this practice. I am speaking of others now, not of myself, for I was proof against all such influences. Spirits held me in the positive mood, and my answers were short and to the point. The flesh was weak, but the Spirit was full of hope. The most gloomy picture of a death-bed that presents itself to my mind, is painted in the following stanza:

Bring red May roses wet with dew,
And o'er my couch their fragrance fling,
Throw with the essence to my view,
And let me hear the warblers sing.
Place gently on my throbbing brow,
The sweetest flower that decks the sod,
And leave the painting Spirit now,
To fly from Nature towards its God.

Language is inadequate to portray the harmonizing influences of Spirit-intercourse. It is an ever-present "comforter," and most available when most needed. When the pleasures of this life have all been tasted and found unsatisfying, and the soul is weary and demands repose, and the heart asks, is this all that mankind are wrangling for, the ready guardian hooks on to our thinking machine and responds in substance to the inquiring mind, "be patient a few short years at most, and all your sufferings will be made endurable. When the material mist is dissipated, you will discover that the severest trials are the most profitable lessons, &c." The value of a Spiritual sight of any sort or degree cannot be estimated. It is a never-failing spring of life-water, from which the soul can at any time slake its thirst. And the man who can ask "what is the use of Spiritualism?" should be enlightened by the sight of a departing Spiritual-

ist. A lady of my acquaintance, when told that her case was hopeless, spoke only of the loss her death would be to her children. She was lingering with consumption, and was willing to go. A few days before she departed, the realities of the higher life were displayed to her enraptured gaze. She attempted to describe them, but words were too feeble to express her joyousness. From that hour she earnestly desired to be set free. The calm serenity of her soul left its stamp upon her face after the senseless form had been left. Her companion had done all that love and duty required, and he met the deprivation like a philosopher and a man, for he knew that

Another Spring with its healing balm
Would revive the blighted rose,
And a brighter morn with its holy calm
Break over the soul's repose.

The continuation of this article is designed to encourage "A Medium" and others, if such there be, who have grown weary in the pursuit of mediumship as a novelty, bringing in its train popularity or pecuniary profit. The atmosphere of American society is tainted with the element of sordid selfishness, and its psychological influences are so powerful, that it is almost impossible to breathe without inhaling a desire to float in the popular current. Impressionary mediums are exceedingly susceptible, and it is not to be wondered at, if some of them should find it difficult to steer clear of the maelstrom of dollars and cents. We are a great people here in America, we are. We can trace our descent in a direct line with but few side issues, from distinguished hereditary carriers and washerwomen. We are not to be bamboozled with small things. Our religion is imported from Jerusalem with an occasional addition from the ruins of Babylon, Nineveh or Herculaneum. Our fashions come from Paris, and our sons and daughters are taught to ape the manners of foreign baboons. No wonder. We cannot forget that our ancestors were luxuriant exotics transplanted from the bogs of Ireland and the swamps of Holland. We are the cream of creation, and it is astonishing that Spirits have so little respect for our dignified position as to come to us in the way they do. They ought to take into consideration our inventive propensities. They ought to know that we are famous as the originators of steamboats and thrashing machines. And why could not they reveal themselves to us in such a way that we could take out a patent for the discovery of a north-west passage to Heavens? We had our mouths made up for something awful. We were in the humor to mount a comet and ride to the uttermost bounds of space, and take a peep beyond into the arcana of mystery. At least, some of us thought so, and now behold we are merely convinced of the presence of living, active, progressive, disembodied human Spirits, bearing the relation of mother, sister, &c., who assure us of their unchanging love, and then leave us to earn our bread by the labor of our hands, with flour at twelve dollars a barrel. We were ready to have the secrets of wisdom revealed, and thereby avoid the trouble and expense of the juvenile departments of human knowledge. But lo! we discover that the invisible world can be comprehended only by analogy and correspondence, and before drawing a comparison, we must learn somewhat of terrestrial life in order to follow the unfolding principles into celestial. It's too bad, that's a fact. But there is no help for it, and as our minds are a little unstrung by over-excitement, it may be well enough to seek the shades of the rural districts for awhile and meditate. Spring will soon be here, and the blue-bird will come back and sing from the highest twig of the elm-tree. And the blue violet will peep out from the moss by the brook side, and the star flower blossom on the sunny side of the hill. O, it makes me feel young to think of it.—There is a ravine near Lansingburgh, where Spirits congregate to cheer the weary heart that repairs to its sacred shade. A rivulet leaps down from the cliff above, and then, as if alarmed by its own recklessness, winds slowly away through the meadows towards the Hudson. The grave of the red man is there, and there more than one pale face has drank deep from the tide of inspiration. Perhaps it would be beneficial to disappointed mediums to breathe the air of the place and indulge in a shower bath under the cataract. As a further recommendation, we insert a communication appropriate to the subject, given through an impressionary medium.

COMMUNICATION.

"O solitude! how charming and poetic is the sighing wind, as rustling through the leafy foliage of thy quiet retreat; it lips to the listening ear of mortals the joyous assurance of the Creator's all-pervading presence.

How grand the contemplation to him who can drink at the fount of beauty, and revel in the ecstatic feeling of a holy and a pure delight. Here it is that earliest recollections and loved reminiscences of youthful days come forth in all their pristine beauty before the quietly pensive mind, awakening feelings of soothing pleasure and holy calm. Here it is that truth, eternal as the everlasting heavens—that immortality impresses itself in indelible strains upon the undying consciousness of man's Spiritual perceptions.

W.
As an additional inducement to "getting developed" in solitude, the expenses are very light. A pound of soda biscuit, a slice of cheese, and a tin cup, make a first rate outfit. Springs of pure water are plenty among the hills. The odor of the flowers, the vocalism of the birds, and the bracing air of the highlands steal into our sensational institutions and through the industrial routine of the following week, we feel like blossoming out every moment.

If "A Medium" should meet with no relief be-

fore Spring, a visit to my domicile in West Troy is recommended as the initiatory step towards convalescence. It matters not whether my visitor is old or young, male or female, ugly or handsome. Confident in long experience, I feel prepared to restore harmony to the desponding mind in the most desperate case. My course of treatment is always regulated by the physical and mental wants of the patient. Advice is given free of charge, and my patients can pay their board bill by laboring with me in the shop. One day of each week is devoted to the study of Nature, among the romantic scenery that skirts the Hudson in this region on both sides. Spiritualists are plenty as blackberries, and always ready to be amiable and agreeable to strangers. Professor Grimes resides in this region, and is actively engaged in putting the "flat heads" through the rudiments of psychology.—Come up.

[To be continued.]

[For the Christian Spiritualist.] SPIRITUALISM AND CONVENTION.

Lycurgus seeing that in Laconia, (Sparta) the inequality of the condition of the people was the cause of misery, obtained with great difficulty a new division of the lands, being determined to root out the evils of insolence, envy, avarice, and luxury. This division of the lands was effected, and men were perfectly equal in their possessions. He then said, "those who were ambitious of distinction might seek it in virtue." Returning to Laconia after a journey he had made, and seeing the harvest standing in sheaves, "how like," said he, "is Laconia to an estate newly divided amongst many brothers."

All readers of history know the figure Sparta made in the annals of Greece, and all lovers of freedom have admired the self-elevation of their king Leonidas, who, with a small and devoted band of his countrymen, for awhile obstructed and withstood the armies of Persia at Thermopylae. The Greeks were in an external state; the Spiritual influx, although in the writings of her sages we can detect gleams of Spiritual truth, yet in its power was unknown in Greece. Had it been known, the position of man had advanced. For the state Lycurgus brought into existence, was the most favorable of all others for the dissemination and practice of Spiritual truth, for we may be assured, whenever the things of this world are allowed to preponderate, that preponderance is detrimental to the reception of the Spiritual influx, for the things of God cannot be divided with the cares of riches or of station, especially when either is sought as the great and desirable good.

All men should strive in emulation in the race of good, for in such a strife our interior perceptions will open wider and wider to drink in the grand truths of God now surrounding us, and enable us to manifest our perception and reception of them by evidencing them in our lives. Spiritualism does not counsel austerities, but it does insist upon purity, not only in sensuous things, but in those of the intellect. But whilst convention is to have its sway, whilst the things of this life are to be estimated for fashion rather than for beauty, the glory depicted, the longings of the soul can never be gratified. It is against convention, it is against its powers the effort is to be directed. It is against its insidious advances the Spiritualist is to guard.

It is not that we are to assume the garb of Diogenes and carp at the vices of men, for in such an assumption there would be much of sin, for it would be ostentation. It is not intended that Spiritualism should overturn the usages of society, but remodel them, not by harsh and angry invectives and fierce argumentations, but by winning the world by example and modesty from the pest of conventional abuses. The fierce argumentations would only excite in the world's rotaries the organ of combativeness, whose fruit would be obstinacy, and the object of the Spiritual teaching be defeated, and man be plunged into a state of less than happiness through the unwaryness of its supporters. But if the world sees those who profess Spiritualism live Spiritually, then how persuasive would be the argument, *ut must invite not coerce men*.

Let the world see that it terms our mysteries tricks, as they call them. Let them have every opportunity, let them detect the trick, if there be one, and where is the Spiritualist who would not as readily as they, acknowledge and flee from the fraud?

Spiritualists well know that this denouncement is a cloak for ignorance. That the world denounces that it does not know, and has not inquired into, as did the men of old, the world does now. "Have any of the Pharisees or the rulers of the Synagogues believed on him?"

If the powers or ability to manifest them was confined to a few, then Spiritualism might be open to the imputation. But when it is seen, these tricks which so puzzle the learned, are not the actings of merely astute and bearded men, but the innocent child is as thoroughly versed in the handling of the concealed machinery, what then shall they say, the wisdom of the world is confounded by the tricksteries of the child? If there were a trick, would not Spiritualists be anxious to detect the concealed spring, for to them with their belief, it is a matter of the greatest importance. To the world it is a delusion, visited for the gratification of curiosity. These men are not to be condemned for the rap of the table or the tilting it, when seen excites their wonder, induces inquiry, which ends when the inquirer is sincere—shall I not say in conviction. The men to be condemned are those who wrapped in the robe of fancied knowledge do not condescend to inquire. Those men who immersed in the cares of the world cannot steal a

moment from the worship of mammon to make the inquiry. Those men who immersed in sensual pursuits, fearing that in Spiritualism they should reap the bitterness of reproof, and could no longer stray in the courses use has rendered so sweet.—Those men who nurse in their hearts the darling scourge, making it a nest of scorpions, a thing for the crouching fear, and deny the immortality of the soul, and cling to annihilation through dread of condemnation, and lastly, those men who are deterred by fear of the phantom-hell of the preacher from gazing on the pure light of the Infinite, from basking in the eternal sunshine of his glory, from knowing him as the God of love, truth, and justice, not as the Moloch of misery, the impersonation of wrath.

Spiritualism invites them to no new faith; Spiritualism has no new altar laden with incense or floated around with the blood of sacrifice. No seething pits wherein is the burning brimstone on whose surface in unutterable agony the soul shall float forever, goaded by devils whose joy is the pain of the anguished Spirits. The altar pointed at is man's own heart, the sacrifice to be prepared is sensuous and intellectual abuse. The incense which shall ascend are the accents of thankfulness and praise, breathed from the secret recesses of the heart, and in the silence of thought vivified by the beam of love, which is ever radiating from the person of God, and lighting the soul on its way to imperishable glory. This is the altar, the sacrifice and the incense of Spiritualism. There is no high priest to minister to the world, and paid in the coin of the world, for where the altar is, there is the officiating priest. Is it not written "behold the kingdom of God is within you?" Spiritualism has no precepts of fear and denouncement of eternal damnation, if man errs from an established and written formula. Is not the declaration, "all sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of man, and blasphemies wherewithsoever he shall blaspheme, but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation?"

Spiritualists know but God, desire God, and take the guide which He has given to them, reject a thing, to lift is not daring to venture? For with all must he take heed of that rejection, for as is the motive so is the judgment.

They do not say that a life of sin shall reap a reward of glory, but that the condemnation shall not be eternal. That as in the next world the soul is ridded of its sensuous and intellectual blot, and that as it is irradiated with the Spiritual influx, it is nearer to God.

They do not say that when Christ was crucified, that with him was crucified the sin of the world, and that the mere assent of the acceptance of his sufferings is an atonement for sin, and that man can sin and sin, and that Christ's atonement and cross shall heal all, but they do say, that as man sows, so shall he reap, for all men have the shapings of their own future, and although Spiritualism has no hell and its material horrors, yet they do say that if man clings to the things of this world, and does the things of convention, that if he lives in the sensuous perceptions, that if he indulges in intellectual pride, that there is an eternity for him, and his state will be less happy than if he had clung to the things of God and realized Him in this state of being. S. BILLING.
New York, Feb. 12th, 1855.

SKELTON ESSAYS.

NO. IV.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT-DOCTRINE.

The earth and skies and the free air of Heaven, may be denied the prisoned man; he may pine away in hopelessness and waste his years in sorrows, but let the voice of outside sympathy greet his ear, and it pours a balm upon the palsied heart. If there be no mercy in the bosom of the jailer, the sympathetic action of many minds from afar may lighten the chain upon the fettered limbs, and make the manacles clasp as soft as the vapoury fingers of the air. Such is the position of one in the bonds of merely material things; man and the world hold him in prison-thall, unless he discipline his soul, and make it receptive of those Spirit-voices from afar, which come in obedience to that philosophic law, which he must interpret to become a believer. We want him to believe not upon outward evidence, but from consciousness of Divine influences at work in his own life and experience.

"The savage in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone"

because he has no philosophic basis for his belief. It is the absence of these faculties which makes his creed self-deceptive and irrational. The heathen philosophers first said the soul of man was immortal, and the grand conception permeating and pervading their hypothetical views, gives them all the force of a system. They took no great pains to erect their thought-discoveries into a great universal theory, whose conviction was worship and whose expression was prayer. Yet, how strong it was!

In order to imbue the minds of people with the vital elements of Spirituality, to have it joined to the solemn circle of all relations and associations, to make even its unteachable palpable, (for in all the emanations of high genius, there is a certain unteachability), a purely philosophic Spirit is necessary. This possession must be carried upward and outward, and its echo borne afar, just as the wave that resounds upon the upbraiding shore is borne onward to other isles, and reverberates with the same cadence throughout the great chambers of the deep.

Our opponents tell us that they wish to meet us upon philosophic grounds; it is the glory of mo-

dern philosophy, they affirm, that sound has been discovered to be nothing but phenomena. Sound has no existence, and *Spirit* implies existence.—How will you make this communication of sound palpable to a man born deaf and dumb? In truth, these were at first the convictions of our own mind. Nevertheless, here was an unimpenetrable sound, a warning, that demanded attention and the effect of a cause. Does it bring hope and peace? Are the assertions ministering to the sources of high and heavenly truth! Are they the Spirits of friends "come from Heaven to tell us they are blest?" The thought was ecstasy!—What is the philosophy of this? was the next inquiry, and the answer may be propounded in another question. Do you expect a disembodied Spirit to speak? You send your thought abroad by telegraph and by letter, nevertheless, it is not necessary you should be bodily present to make it credible, that you thus speak and that you communicate through media.

Electricity as a principle of life must be *existent*; it acts on all laws of Nature with an intelligence almost equal to intellect. In the thunder, it produces a sound, an effect of an existent cause, and thus we have "Spirit-rapping," which, when acted upon by mind, may represent the thought in sound.

NO. V.—CAUSATION IN MATTER, CAUSATION IN MIND.

Matter is limited to space and time, mind to infinitude. Causation in matter goes on undeviatingly, forming a circle of succession and change.—Causation in mind goes forward in anticipation of the demonstrable action of matter, and masters its problem pre-existingly. Mind discovers and creates, matter produces; the latter obeys those mandates of the Creator which the action of His intelligence upon it ordains; the former discovers and interprets the object and purpose of those laws, and perceives in their operation a harmony and truth.

"This thought resteth on the mind like dew,
God is the beautiful and God the true."

Causation in matter is *causation in mind* as vast pervading intelligence. *causation in mind* is the grand province of mind, and the only one which establishes its sovereignty. The Creator ordains it with prescience, to assert his truth. He is the central sun of the essence, diffusing His rays and brightening His creation, impregnating it through "systems self-imbued," and writing it at last in burning light upon the secret soul of man.

In the government of Nations, in the establishment of systems, in the construction of institutions, truth is veiled behind the huge gigantic shadows of error that gather about her radiant brow. Erasing her serene and heaven-endowed attributes from the gloom of false pretences, is a *causation in mind* that only restores harmony to earth and earth weary-mortals; it is a causation moreover, that settles the value of truth.

Mind, as the only estimable measure of this principle of truth, is the most valuable of endowments. Nothing but the difficulty of the attainment of truth has originated the bench of the Judge, and that nice and scientific process of legal investigation which has instituted a code of laws and made human inquiry a science. We are not overstepping proper boundaries in ascribing to it the origin of all government. The origin of the word *Court*, as applied to a monarchy, has this significance.—The Emperors and Kings sat as Judges. The causation of mind adapting its effect to the discovery of truth, is exercising the grandest function in the provinces of life. Ever since the world began and life was first expressed, and the mind of the omniscient enkindled at the image of himself in man, this has been its destiny. If the discovery of truth be a causation of mind, all the inspired revelations which have swept through the ages, augmenting the unreckoned treasury of thought, nothing is more important than that we should connect great and religious associations with her emanations, and the end must be a renewed exploration beyond the confines of life and time.

NO. VI.—THE TRUE MEDIUM.

"True mediums are keys that fingers
Of whitest angel-hands may press."

Thus sings a Bard of the Christian Spiritualist, and we endorse his utterances. We protest, however, against any medium giving her own impressions at any time and under any circumstances for the voice from afar. Better that the unseen influence guide the reason through her dim and distant maze in trustfulness and truth, than arrive at half revelations by the swiftest flight of the Spirit. It is putting the valor to a test too stern for credulity in giving a counterfeit for a reality. Out of the soul's suggestive conceptions, nothing ungenial can arise; it is forever whispering, how gentle it can be, and it can never stand as our foe, even if it does not enter into our glory or sphere of sympathy.

We fear that there are too numerous examples to the contrary of this, and they have exposed our belief to attack and misrepresentation, which are difficult to disarm. If the Spirit can burst the iron span of circumstance, and enter like a true evangel into the wide universe of feeling and sympathy of thought and conception, her dignity is compromised by envious babbling and irreverent talk. When we enter into an existence of high thought, and yearn for ampler knowledge, a larger wisdom and higher reverence are requisite. We must discard all other sources of communication, for they identify the cause with unhappy associations, and deprive the interior being of that heritage to which it aspires.

Providence, Feb. 1855.

[From Buchanan's Journal of Man.]

CLAIRVOYANCE.

There are still so many individuals who have indefinite opinions as to the reality of clairvoyance, and so many others who are still disposed to disbelieve its existence, that the following narrative from the Cleveland Forest City, published more than a year since, is a valuable illustration of this power:

"We have always been more inclined to skepticism than credulity in believing in special providences or spiritual communications, and usually refer the 'manifestations' to collusion, natural causes, sleight of hand, or magnetic sympathy, as the nature of the case may warrant; but our belief is sometimes put to a hard test. Seeing is believing, says an old maxim. And what we are about to relate passed under the immediate inspection of our senses.

A citizen of Ohio City—Mr. Jackson—has a little daughter, Phoebe, that possesses the wonderful faculty of voluntary clairvoyance. She is but seven years old—artless, innocent and childlike. Her temperament is a fine, nervous, sanguine—the former predominating. The little thing ascribes her singular powers of double vision to the agency of Spirits. She is a medium, and has converse, as she affirms, with the Spirits of the departed at will.

The first exhibition of her faculty which we witnessed was at the bookstore of Smith, Knight & Co., about a fortnight since. We became interested, and invited her father to visit our office with the little clairvoyant. A number of experiments of an interesting kind were performed, but not having sufficient leisure to give the subject a close investigation, we desired another and private interview at our residence. It took place yesterday morning according to request. The first point we minutely examined was the bandage—to feel assured that there was no trick or collusion, and that her physical vision was completely obstructed. A wad of cotton was first laid upon her closed eyes, next her own gloves were rolled up and placed on the cotton—and lastly a silk handkerchief folded tightly around her head. It was no more possible for mortal to see through the impediments before her eyes than through a stone wall.

The second inquiry was directed to the mode of receiving the "influence," and its effect on her natural state. The moment the bandage was applied she was able to discriminate objects.

No passes or manipulations were performed. The power of seeing was instantaneous. Neither did she appear in a magnetic or biologic condition. She was just as conscious after the bandage was applied as before. She acted precisely as she would with it off. She heard and understood every word spoken in the room, and conversed, asked or answered questions just as freely during the experiments as afterwards. She seemed susceptible of all the feelings, motives and passions in the clairvoyant that she exhibited in the normal condition. When her interest in the demonstrations seemed to flag, and she exhibited signs of weariness, a promise of a reward, or the gift of a small coin immediately stimulated her to a fresh effort, and her face would brighten up immediately.

We thirdly experimented on the extent of the faculty. She described colors as accurately as she did figure, and both with the utmost precision. We held up in one hand a variety of objects, such as pieces of coins, a thimble, a comb, a number of pins and needles, some points, others heads exposed, and then requested her to describe what was in our hand, which she did minutely and accurately. Sometimes we would place the object on the table near her, then at a distance, or hold it up as high as her head, but the position seemed to make but little difference, provided the objects were not beyond a certain angle on one or another side of her face. We placed half a dozen pieces of money, such as halves, quarters, coppers, or gold pieces on a card—holding them the while under the table, and then slipped a three-cent piece under one. The card was next placed on the table, and she immediately designated the location of the hidden coin. This was repeated so often as to preclude the possibility of guessing. Bank notes of various denominations were minutely described. Several daguerreotypes were examined; our's she immediately recognized; the peculiarities of the others she pointed out. A book was placed before her, wrong end up; she gave the number of each page, and read sentences, spelled out words, described the pictures, and named the color of the binding—in short, whatever she could do with her natural she did with her supernatural sight.

Imagining that the presence of her father might have some influence on her powers, we removed him to a distance, where he could not see what was doing, but it made no difference with little Phoebe. The bandage was removed and replaced several times. The instant the natural vision was obstructed she was able to describe objects. No time intervened for putting her into a clairvoyant state by the usual method. The bandage formed no more an obstacle to her perfect sight than an opera-glass would to one of our readers.

She has only possessed these extraordinary powers of super-sight two months. She states that she received a promise one evening from the Spirit of her brother, that he would magnetize her the next day, and bestow on her the gift of super-vision, which accordingly occurred. We learn from a gentleman that was present, that she reads and describes in the dark as well as in the daylight. Her father related a number of interesting experiments with her in a dark closet, which our space forbids to relate.

We shall attempt no solution of the phenomena,

but merely relate what we saw. Those who reject the Spiritual theory can draw their own conclusions and form their own hypotheses. We do know that Phoebe Jackson can see clearly with her eyes blindfolded, with no mortal to magnetize her; that she exhibits as much volition and consciousness when blindfolded as when not; and that she affirms to be under Spirit-influence; that she is a little, artless child, incapable of successful fraud or collusion, and exhibits during the experiments the genuine actions and conduct of a sincere child of her years and opportunities. We subjected her to a long and searching ordeal—many of the tests being entirely new and unexpected.

The nature of the human mind is but dimly understood, its powers are only in process of development. A new philosophy is destined to supersede the established dogmas of the mental organization, and the relations of man to time and eternity, which for past centuries have prevailed in the civilized world."

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1855.

GREAT SPIRITUAL MEETING.

Addressees by Gov. Tallmadge, Rev. T. L. Harris, and Judge Edmonds.

According to the published notices in the daily papers of this city, a meeting of the Spiritualists was convened at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Friday evening, Feb. 16. Long before the time for the commencement of the services, the house was filled by an immense audience, which must have numbered over 4000 persons, as the following statement of the Daily Sun may be taken as the general estimate.

SPIRITUAL MEETING.—The largest meeting of the season was held last evening at the Broadway Tabernacle by the Spiritualists. The galleries and every available spot in the house was densely packed, and the greatest possible interest was kept up during the whole proceedings.

The meeting was all we had hoped it to be, and will prove, no doubt, as we predicted it would, a season long to be remembered; for while it is a significant and satisfactory answer to the assertion that Spiritualism is "passing away," the impression left on the mind of those who attended the meeting must be the best evidence that Spiritualism was internal and sympathetic, as well as external and numerous.

If, however, we needed confirmation on the subject of Spiritual progress in this city, it would be found in the fact that Spiritualism was allowed a hearing in the Tabernacle, for two years ago, when the Rev. Mr. Madison got up a theological *farce* to the same place, the friends of Spiritualism wished the use of the Tabernacle to say what "is and is not Spiritualism," it could not be had for that purpose.

There may have been plain, either Spiritualism is better understood, or else it is more popular—the present meeting being authority. We hope it is both, for we have small veneration for popularity that does not spring from the fundamentals of eternal truth and virtue. Every other popularity, be the subject what it may, is *destructive* of true progress and the harmonization of the human family.

Next to the pleasure of hearing the addresses, will be that of reading them, so we give a full report of them in the order of the meeting.

Owing to the absence of the organist, the music was furnished by a quartette, who gave the chant, "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings."

After a solemn and impressive prayer by Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. Brittan introduced ex-Governor Tallmadge, who said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is with the greatest reluctance that I undertake to say a word this evening upon the subject of Spiritualism; but a reluctance to speak upon the subject, but not a reluctance to justice to the subject nor to myself. It is, therefore, proposed merely to make some preliminary remarks as preceding the gentleman to whom the duty of addressing you is especially assigned; and the subject of Spiritualism has not been understood by a large portion of the community.

There are two reasons, perhaps, why it has not been wholly understood, and why so many prejudices exist against it. The first is the course taken by the public press in not presenting the facts connected with it to the public mind. I do not, however, say this for the purpose of casting censure upon the press, but merely to express my own regrets. The conductors of the press have had reasons satisfactory to themselves for withholding this information. Facts have been developed, in the course of the investigation of Spiritualism, of the most astounding character. They have exhibited phenomena the most extraordinary in the history of the world, and whether it be Spiritual or philosophical, it is worthy the investigation of every practical and intelligent mind. The time will come—and I predict that that time is not far distant—when the conductors of the public press will feel and know that their course has not been a correct one, although they believed it to be such; but they will feel the truth of what I say on this occasion.

There is another reason why Spiritualism has not been understood—why the prejudices of the public mind have been so wrought upon—it is because it has been denounced by those who have acknowledged they never investigated the subject, who profess to know nothing about it, and who still have undertaken to give what they call light in regard to it. Now, I undertake to say that these Spiritual manifestations are in accordance with the Bible—that the Bible proves the manifestations, and the manifestations prove the Bible. I therefore maintain in all this the truths of the Scripture, although they have been ignored and denounced by many.

As I remarked, I will not occupy more than a few minutes, and it is not my wish or intention to go into a formal investigation of the subject. If I had one or two evenings I would be enabled to do that justice to it which I find it impossible to do now. I merely intend on this occasion, during the few minutes allotted me, to read one or two communications on this subject. The first purports to be given through the rappings and tipplings, and is signed "John the Beloved," and you will find what is put forth in it to be worthy of serious consideration, and of the source from whence it came. It was made to a select circle of the most intelligent and influential ladies and gentlemen—a circle composed of those described in the communication—and through a medium of the highest character and respectability—the wife of a Methodist clergyman. I took down the communication myself, letter by letter, as it was given through the tipplings of the table:

Lo, an assembly of wise men from the East and from the West, and the North and the South, lawyers and doctors, judges, and governors, and divines, are met to try the Spirits! Beloved, ye do well. Ye are instructed from the great Book of Books, even the Book of God, thus to proceed. Beloved, if all Spirits were evil, or if all Spirits were good, this trial would be useless. By their fruits ye shall know them. Beloved, can the leopard change his spots or the Edomites his skin? When the Spirit leaves the earthly form for a Spiritual, the Spirit is the same, but in a new temple. My little children, ye have the privilege to make that new mansion an abode of happiness or misery—Beloved, ye have been truly instructed that every thought, word, and action is registered in heaven, even in the house to which ye go. When ye notice the deeds done in the body ye will know them. They will call you admirable, wise, or unadmirable, wise. My little children, be instructed by one who loves you. Serve God with singleness of heart. Be a friend to the race for which Jesus died.

And here is another, claiming John Howard as its author:

My mission, both in my physical and Spiritual form, has ever been, and still is, to ameliorate the condition of the human race. I have penetrated the darkest abodes of vice in every clime, and dropped the seed which sprung up to reform and repent-

ance. I have visited the cell of the maniac, and calmed the troubled Spirit, and led forth the sparkling gem to glow and expand in the sunlight of freedom—to attract and be attracted. I have looked upon the poor slave in his chains and degradation, have inspired his slaking soul with hope, and taught to retaliate not when reviled, but to look forward to that great day when color shall be lost in brilliancy. I have sat in the councils with the framers of human laws. I have expanded their views and softened the rigor of their Spirit and infused into their souls the Spirit of liberty. My zeal will never flag, neither will my Spirit weary nor my labor cease until angels shall look down from their radiant abodes upon this dark and gloomy sphere, and behold reflected, as from the face of a polished mirror, the image of the Most High from every heart of every son of man.

JOHN HOWARD.

The following piece of poetry was communicated through a young lady not more than fourteen years of age. I give it to you as a specimen, and I undertake to say that it will stand alongside of Key's "Star Spangled Banner."

Here the speaker read the following poem:

OUR NATIONAL ENSIGN.

Flag of the planet gems!
Whose sapphire-circled disks—
Stud every sea, and shore, and sky—
Oh! can thy children gaze
Upon thy silver blaze,
Nor kindled at thy rays,
Which led the brave of old to die?
Thou banner! beautiful and grand,
Float thou forever o'er our land.

Flag of the stripes of fire!
Long as the bard his lofty lyre
Can strike, thou shalt inspire our song—
We'll sing thee 'round the hearth,
We'll sing thee on strange earth,
We'll sing thee when we forth
To battle with our clarion tongue!
Flag of the free and brave in blood,
For aye be thou the blessing of God!

Flag of the bird of dove!
Who let his home, the clouds above—
To point the hero's lightning path—
Around thee will we stand,
With glittering sword in hand,
And swear to guard the land
Which quell'd the British lion's wrath.
Flag of the West! be thou unfurled,
Till the last trumpet arouse the world!

Flag of two ocean shores!
Whose everlasting thunder roars
From deep to deep, in storm and foam—
Though with the sun's red set,
Thou shalt not to slumber yet
With him in glory greet
Thou risest and shall share his tomb!
Thou banner! beautiful and grand,
Float thou forever o'er our land!

A beautiful anthem was then sung with much power and expression by the choir, eliciting a hearty burst of applause from the audience, after which Mr. Harris came forth, and spoke as follows:

A compact statement of what Spiritualism is, will be, perhaps, the most useful contribution that I can add to the intellectual wealth of the audience before me. I labor under the same difficulty that a man might who attempts to condense Homer into a verse, Solomon into a proverb, or the Bible into an aphorism. Spiritualism, as we define it, is twofold—subjective and objective. There is, first of all, under this subject of Spiritualism, an empire of interior principles, that realm of pure thought which pervades all minds from the *Ose Miso*, that broad domain from whence in all ages genius has come forth to do its mighty work, and poetry to cheer, and art to adorn, and religion to instruct the nations.

There is, secondly, an external territory, an immense realm for art-phenomena, language-phenomena, and sensible demonstrations of Spirit in matter, cognizable by all the senses, facts of the world of facts, and serving as the basis of a grand inductive philosophy whose rings and rounds of demonstration on the very surface of the world are founded into the heavens.

When the disciples of John the Baptist asked of Jesus, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" the answer that he gave was an appeal to the senses. He pointed to the blind made to see, to the dead raised, and replied, "Go and tell John what ye have seen and heard."

Thus we do to night. Entering into no *a priori* argument, we simply point to realities. The sylphs and gnomes of the Rosicrucian philosophy, the gay and airy idealities of mythic systems of the past, the stately generalities of the mere theorist, who speculates of the universe he cannot see—all these we set aside. The facts of Spiritualism are its best argument, and for the purpose of our present statement we classify them under seven heads.

We assert, first, that Spiritualism—the doctrine of man's intercourse with immortal intelligences—is true, because material consciousness conveying intelligence reveal the intelligent agency of the departed. Much as Spirit-rappings, so styled, are spit upon by the dressmakers of literature, who deal in the haberdashery of rhetoric, ideas thrilling of significance and epic strength have been and are communicated through Spirit-rappings. Style is nothing to the man after facts. The lost daughter is equally dear, whether she wear returning from her long captivity the adornments of fashion, or the simple drapery of the Indian maid. It is the speaking eye, it is the beating heart, it is the love-fraught and love-tuned being, not the drapery of the person that we see. It is essentially vulgar, and bespeaks depraved taste, to judge the grandeur of a fact, of a principle, by its mode of expression. Spirit-telegraphing through explosive sounds comes to us in that same matter-of-fact, American way in which our iron-ribbed, oak-built steamers plow the Atlantic, and our prosaic railroads clasp with iron hands the virgin waist of the continent. They are dear to us from their very simplicity. Poets of coming ages, when the present has melted into the past, shall sing them, and find grander themes of poetry than we find in the landing of the Pilgrims, and the crossing of the Mayflower. To us especially they come as burning and potent facts. We listen to Spirit-rappings as we saw people listen at the office of the telegraph for news from the passengers of the Arctic. They did not ask to have the instruments spell out sentences in John-sonian style. They asked, "Is my mother or my daughter safe?" and when the answer came through but a "Yes," it was as if from the solid adamant the form of the loved one had stepped forth and said, "I live!"

Have we not loved ones gone out over a dimmer and a darker sea, whose beating waters gather about the world? Have not prophets of annihilation told us that the barque, rich freighted with our immortal hopes, has struck the rock of oblivion, and gone down beneath the icy billows of annihilation? "Ye shall wait and weep," they cry, "but never, never shall ye meet them more." And have not another class—the prophets of the flaming vortex and the everlasting fire—have they not told us that the barque that held them still floated, but drifted forever and forever on the sea whose very drops are fiery agonies, and whose molten firmament rains down madness, till keel, and ribs, and deck, and cabin clasped the doomed ones in an iron shroud, and, streaming, sailed alive with endless flame blown by the furnace-breath of torture, bore them through the everlasting ages, burning yet unconsumed, dying yet never dead?

Well, now against this terrible fear for the departed, of annihilation on the one side and perdition on the other side, when a telegraphic wire runs

out and connects us with that vast world, where they have gone, what do we ask? Poms of diction, Ciceroan eloquence, the swelling phrases with which ignorance covers up its eyeless sockets and masks its [dead heart]? No. I want to have my friends tell me first of all, if they can do it, if they are safe. What do I care for style? I don't go to that telegraph as a critic of words, an epicure of honeyed sentences, nor do you. As fathers and mothers, as husbands and wives, and children we go there; and if that dear mother speaks, and that dear wife or child communicates, so they give me some proof that it is they, I don't ask them to give me Chapin's eloquence, nor call it "moonshine drizzle" if they don't. If they convince me in simple speech that I communicate with my kindred in the skies, it is enough.

It may not be very practical, some may say, this communion. It may not instruct me how to construct Fourierite phalansteries, to convert America to the tariff, to put down or build up banks, or to enable daily papers to tell beforehand about the storming of Sebastopol. But there is a nobler side to this practicality than the bread-and-butter side. Ye great and splendid empires of the free and happy dead, ye fathers and mothers, ye sacred and endeared ones, that live forever in our hearts, ye deem it practical to comfort the broken-hearted, with sun-like shafts to light the Python materiality, to span with arch of light the sea of desolation, to fill the atmosphere with voices chanting glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men.

There are probably three hundred thousand intelligent men in America, who, by absolute investigation, commenced as opponents of the rapping phenomena, now publicly assert that the phenomena are occasioned by departed Spirits. It will not do, with a body of credible witnesses, embracing all classes in society, of this character and magnitude, to cry fraud. I cannot, of course, attempt learnedly to explain the *rationale* of the fact. Time forbids. No more is the Christian minister obliged to explain how Christ healed the leper, stilled the sea, or talked with Spirits. We appeal, as Christ did in his reply to the disciples of John, to the facts. Hundreds of thousands of intelligent men and women, upon what seems to them absolute evidence, proclaim that they have communicated with their departed friends. I ask, as was asked of old, hath this thing been done in a corner? Overleaping the limits of our own continent, these manifestations are now occurring in all parts of the civilized world.

Who are the mediums for such manifestations? Gray-headed men and women, standing on the brink of eternity, and so through all this golden link of life, to infants unwearied, clergymen, editors, highest scientific authorities, jurists, physicians, merchants, mechanics, hunters of the forest, and sailors at the yard-arm.

Where have the rappings been heard? In the most crowded assemblies, and alone in the midnight chamber, at the birth of the infant and in the departure and burial of the dead. In circles of bankers in the New York Exchange, in the lagoons of the Pacific.

What has been said through the rappings? Millions of test answers to mental questions, laying bare heart-secrets, life-secrets, voices of recognized intelligence, and faithful love, from the millions gone to the millions crying for some voice from out that silent sky. Ah! it is as if the mighty heart of all departed loved ones impelled its deathless blood-drops, and dropped them in golden sounds upon the living earth.

Spirits communicate by temporary organizations of matter. A gentleman who is not identified with Spiritualism, but who is perhaps as clear-headed and keen an observer as our nation affords, has informed me that in a circle recently, five sheets of paper were placed upon the floor, and five pencils were at once seen writing on these sheets. Senator Simons, of Rhode Island, informs us, that a Spirit, purporting to be his son, without the intervention of any visible agency, controlled a pencil, and gave a communication in the same manner. There are various localities in the country where this form of phenomena is continually occurring. Now, if we admit such facts, we admit the existence of a power that is able to grapple the pen and write out its own thought free from any apparent mortal agency. If we are to credit the testimony of, perhaps, a hundred thousand witnesses, the atoms of the atmosphere are condensed, and used by Spirits; by the use of which, as through a temporary organization, the disembodied intellect operates on objects in the material world.

Widely varying opinions must exist concerning the hidden laws whereby these phenomena are produced by Spirits; facts themselves, however, are too broad and current for dispute. If we admit that Spirits can, under suitable conditions, condense the elements of matter diffused in space, then is opened up the most important field for investigation that ever has dawned upon the world. So far from matter being an impenetrable wall between man on earth and man unfettered and immortal, it all becomes a fluent medium for the appearing and the operation of the departed. Now Spirit-telegraphing covers this broad domain. So far from intelligent Spiritualists being the dreamers of the age, they are engaged, with all their senses quickened, with all the intellectual powers energized, with all of the moral perceptions opened and illuminated, in solving the universal relations between mind and matter. If it is a great thing for Agassiz or Humboldt to disintegrate the strata of the planet and discover how the God of Ages worked myriads of ages past, though that knowledge is of the past, how much grander is it to discover the great formative powers that operate in the present; to ascertain, not alone how the fossils of antiquity had their origin, but actually to witness, as Spiritualists do now, the living forces of the universe performing their living work. I am glad to know, I am glad to recognize the shining of a divine idea in every crystal and every petrification; I sympathize with those who unsuave the mummied past; how then can I refuse to sympathize with that grander science that brings me face to face with super-sensuous realities, that shows me how disembodied Spirits can speak through external air, and make it vibrate on the tympanum—how they precipitate the constituents of the atmosphere, so as to form visible hands that I can see, and tangible hands that I can feel; nay, how much more shall my bosom thrill to that stupendous operation whereby my friends clothe themselves with electrical elements of light, and so descend to the natural plane of vision, as to reappear to my perception and radiate the sunshine of immortal love through the eyes upon the heart.

One of the most interesting of all philosophical experiments is that by which the human body under the influence of a galvanic current is made, though the Spirit has fled, to manifest once more the functions of vitality. It is startling to see the corpse rise as if the breath of life once more were in its nostrils. This, however, is but a trifling matter compared to another class of Spiritual phenomena witnessed everywhere throughout our land.

I refer now to those phenomena known as Spiritual possessions. There are perhaps a hundred thousand mediums of different kinds. The eyelids close, the nerves relax, the pulse ceases almost to beat, a state deeper than sleep, deep as death and its great Spiritual awaking, is induced upon the subject. Then that paralyzed form, quickened by an invisible fire, rises, the lips utter words that evidently are the productions of a mind distinct from the Spirit inhabiting the organization. The phenomena of speaking mediumship are thus presented. You are all familiar with the fact, that a skillful biological operator can produce states by the operations of the mind upon persons of delicate nervous organization, in which the subject shall utter, not his own thought, but the ideas existing in the mind of the operator. No one disputes it. It seems as if these biological discoveries had been permitted and ordered to prepare the world for the mental operations of risen Spirits.

The fourth class of phenomena, still more significant because more personal, may be styled inter-missions into the world of Spirits. When a man dies, he lays aside the external form; clothed upon with a garment of Spiritual substance, he behold tangible Spirit-creation. He sees according to state, the inhabitants of that immense abode; and could the Spirit who has just left the body still retain possession of its lips to speak, or its hands to write, the wonders of that sublime apocalypse could be at once made manifest to the vision of the Spirit, and communicated to the mourners weeping round the rent body of its mortality. Now this thing is substantially effected through the phenomena alluded to. The Spirit actually does become so far disconnected from the body as to see with Spirit-eyes, hear with Spirit-ears, and thrill with Spirit-touch to the harmonies of the world of Spirits—retains still, however, sufficient control of the organs of speech to indicate the nature of that most absolute condition, that eternal life that animates us.

We assert, then, that we believe in modern Spiritualism—in the communication of Spirits with material things—because Spirits tangible prove their power to so control, under suitable conditions, the ultimate essences or refined substances of the natural world, as to assume temporary organizations, though apparently independent of the medium, and to give communications to us. One of the most interesting of all experiments is that produced by the galvanic battery, where the electrical current falls upon the dead form, and that form apparently revives for the moment, the eyes open, the form rises, the hands are moved. Still more interesting is that phenomenal manifestation of Spiritualism wherein invisible agencies operate upon the human living organizations, controlling the hands, controlling the persons, speaking through their lips in the voices of the departed, and suspending for the time the consciousness of the individual, and using the organization of the individual as a medium through which to communicate with men living in the body. This fact, I know, is denied, yet there is a method of proving it beyond all doubt. Not long since, the daughter of a distinguished jurist, who is now present, and who is a medium for Spiritual communication, without the possession on her part of any knowledge of the Greek language, was used as a medium through whom Gen. Bozzaris, brother of the celebrated Marco Bozzaris, and President of the Greek Senate, communicated in his native language to a Greek gentleman from Athens, who, I think, is now in this city. I have the statement from the

Facts of this kind are occurring all over the land. Young girls, little children, who know nothing whatever of any language, are controlled by Spirits, and other languages are uttered through their organs. In this passive state tones, accents and communications are given, which friends in the body recognize as coming from friends who have gone before them to the Spirit-world. Now we are told that the Divine Spirit fell, in the past, upon the disciples gathered together upon the day of Pentecost, and they went out to speak to the nations gathered in Jerusalem—the Greeks, the Syrians, the Romans, the Cappadocians—each in his own language. Here are the same phenomena, and even more than that, for we are not told that any test communications were then given from departed Greeks or Romans. But here, through the unconscious mediums, who never had a chance to learn those languages, these communications are given with such effect, that they convince the skeptical mind who hears them, and make him a believer in the genuineness of the phenomena. We have our bodies of scientific men; learnedly they discuss concerning the precise antiquity of a fossil oyster, or the age of some cypress root in the delta of the Mississippi. They gather together at the nation's expense in Washington, and publish learned disquisitions as to the cause of roosters' crowing at a certain hour of the night! And oh! will not the coming age ridicule our pseudo-scientific men for this? And yet, when Spirits speak through mediums in the grand classical tongues of the past—when the Greek, the Latin, and Chaldaic, and Persian, as well as the modern dialects, roll out from children's tongues, they lay the papers, not on the table, nor under the table, but they tremble them under their feet, as the ancient Jews trembled on the wisdom of the Just One of Nazareth. Yes, learnedly, they speculate as to the primal forces that first organized lichens, that first clothed the gray granite with incipient vegetation; and when, from the great world of causes, actual and tangible, Spiritual and natural organizations are made, and seen, and felt, and the departed, through them, become visible to the senses, they call these phenomena unworthy of investigation!

And when one, or a score, or a hundred, more candid than the rest, investigate and come out and tell us what they have seen, they are ostracized, called to order, cannot speak, are hissed and choked down. And so truth goes begging in the street, while falsehood sits in a chair of purple in the Smithsonian Institute, established for the diffusion of useful knowledge among men.

There is one little argument which will illustrate the Spirit in which these manifestations are met among another class of men, whom we have esteemed worthy of all honor, and whom we have clothed with authority, for whom we have built temples grander than this, that they may reveal truths new as well as old. I refer to the clergy—These manifestations broke out in Connecticut, in the family of a learned divine. They assumed themselves with them, and with most of their friends, ridiculed them, until a serious lover of truth—a friend of the family—urged them to form a circle, which they did; and through the mediums of the family of this divine, the Spirits communicated, and gave them test-answers, demonstrating the identity of the Spirits communicating, which amounted to a satisfaction. The family of the divine, after this friend received his communications, asked for something from the Spirits. They spelled one word—a significant word—and that word was "Mockery, Mockery." And I ask if these manifestations have not been mocked at? crucified

as between two thieves? If the finger of scorn has not been pointed at them by the very men claiming to be the leaders of public opinion? If the cry has not gone out: "If thou be true, save thyself, and come down from this cross?"

I am admonished to brevity; and pardon me if I leave several points untouched, and I will pass on and call your attention to another head, under which we may class the Spiritual phenomena of the present day. To those of you who believe in immortality—that when a man leaves the body he enters the Spirit-world—that if the Spirit could still hold the corpse-like hand, and speak through those cold, pallid lips, he could tell us what he sees in that great dawning vision—I would say that tens of thousands of intelligent and virtuous citizens—not infidels, but members of all the churches in the land—pass, at the present time, into states in which, retaining their connection with the body to a certain extent, so as to use the hands to write and the lips to speak, yet are so far free from it as to behold the wonders and beauties of the heavens, and communicate what they see. We are told that in the ancient times certain of the disciples of Jesus passed into the same condition, saw the Spirits, talked with them, and came back and told what they saw. If we believe these facts, therefore, upon the evidence of the dead, we are called upon to believe in corresponding facts upon the evidence of the living. Believers in immortality—believers in the Bible as the Word of God—believers in the great Spiritual facts of the New Testament—believers in the great truth that God never contradicts himself—believers in the great fact that the God of the departed is the God of the living—believers in the great prophecy that man shall be delivered from the grossness of materiality, and hold communion with the skies—believers in the great truth of ministering Spirits—I ask if, according to the postulates of your own faith, you are not bound to believe in the corresponding facts upon the testimony of good and just men at the present day?

Spirits prove themselves to be Spirits—prove that they actually do communicate at the present day, not alone by answering, under suitable conditions, thousands of questions covering all the facts of their past life, but also by lifting human bodies, and carrying them through the air. Christians, you believe upon the evidence of the New Testament, that Philip was translated from one locality to another. If you believe that, I call upon you to believe the corresponding facts of the present day upon the evidence of just men and Christian men—men of thought and judgment—men who say that the senses are reliable in conjunction with the reason in determining facts as evidence. You who have been accustomed to try evidence and weigh testimony—I ask, if you believe in the evidence of the senses on one point, are we not bound to believe the evidence of the senses on another? If we believe the evidence of our senses when we clasp the hands of our friends, are we not bound, on the evidence of our senses—when they are appealed to, and the facts are given—to believe that we clasp the hands of Spirits? We who believe on intellectual evidence, that the Spirits of our friends living in mortal bodies do communicate, are we not bound, when an equal weight of testimony is given, to believe that the departed speak as well as the living?

A few more words and I have done. It is admitted by the clearest intellects and highest philosophers of all times, that man does not originate ideas, but that they flow down in an orderly influx from ministering Spirits—from the skies—from the *Now as believers in Spiritualism*, we stand subjectively on the same platform stood on by Plato, Anaxagoras, or, in modern times, by Coleridge, Kant, Cousin, and by our highest universities, adding to it simply order, method and precision, and finding in external, objective phenomena of correspondences, the evidences of the genuineness of an external faith. Grand and solemn thought! that as by the body we are connected to the earth, so by the mind, we are connected with the skies; as by the sensuous understanding we take cognizance of the world and the outward forms, so by the pure reason we take cognizance of eternal and immortal principles. As we are taught through the senses of the body by Nature, so we are taught through the senses of the Spirit by that world of higher and everlasting Nature that unfolds itself throughout these great immensities of everlasting life. Sublime and everlasting thought! grand, magnificent idea! Not alone are we surrounded by mortal agencies to minister to every worldly want, but by everlasting forms, the embodiments of pure intelligence, immortal sanctuaries of the Father's love! On this platform we stand, using all of our senses to investigate, using the highest intellectual faculties to discriminate, and the highest moral senses and perceptions as to the ultimate arbiters, the official judge. Because all our senses, all our intellectual powers, all our moral sentiments are convinced; because we have the evidence of the natural and Spiritual planes—evidence harmonizing with all the facts of the Scriptures; harmonizing with all the inductions of the idealist; because we have truths that commend themselves when tried by the most rigid Baconian formula; because we have heard our friends talk, have felt their hands, have seen their faces, have been inspired by their thrilling touch; because, in hours of darkness and sin, we have been comforted and instructed by their divine counsels and sweet and holy communings; because they have taught us to relieve the distressed, to restrain the appetites and subjugate the passions, to unfold the intellect, to own no man master, to be free in the glorious liberty of Divine Love and Wisdom; because they have made us better Christians, better patriots, and better Americans; because they have freed us measurably from the bondage of materiality; because they have brought us into face-to-face communion with the hierarchy of the open heavens; because they have fulfilled the promises of Christianity; because they have rolled back the dark wave of materiality; because they have wrapped the earth with the mantle of spotless charity; because of all this we are willing to labor, to suffer reproach because we believe that God, and our reason, and our affection, and our consciousness are true; because we believe in the sublime verities of the Christian faith, the faith recognizing the presence of ministering angels, watching over and ministering unto the heirs of a pure and divine salvation.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Brittan again came forward and said: "It devolves on me to announce to this assembly, that our Reverend Friend is about to leave us for the South, to be absent a few months. For several years he has devoted his physical and mental energies to the proclamation and defence of the truths of Spiritualism, at the sacrifice of his temporal interests, and his friends have sought this occasion to testify their high appreciation of his earnest and efficient labors in behalf of the great but hitherto unpopular truth."

The speaker then announced that the choir would perform a select piece with a collection was being taken up for the benefit of Mr. Harris, after which the concluding address would be given by Judge Edmonds.

JOHN W. EDMONDS, formerly one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, came forward and said: It is with feelings of repugnance that I cannot account for or describe, that I rise now to address you

upon this occasion. Four years have now rolled over my head since I became an investigator upon the subject to which your attention has this evening been called. Nearly two years have passed away since I became a firm believer in its facts and philosophy, and yet I have never, until now, addressed an assemblage of my fellow-citizens in this place upon this subject. In other parts of the United States—beginning with the East, and ending with the Mississippi—I have availed myself of the opportunity of speaking to many who were strangers to me; but never until now have I risen among those who have known me from my youth, and attempted to say aught upon this subject; and I can scarcely account for the repugnance I now feel. I entered upon its investigation at a time when to believe its truth was to me a treasure infinitely beyond aught that earth could confer. I pursued it earnestly, zealously, and I became a believer, not because I will it, for it was not long after my boyhood passed away before I was taught the important lesson that belief was not a matter of volition. But I was not desirous to thrust my opinions on others, and I pursued my inquiries, therefore, and imbued my belief, quietly, unobtrusively, and as I hoped, unoffendingly. But, to my surprise, I found that in this country, boasting of its freedom, I was not permitted to do it. I was not free to pursue the truth. I found my opinions thrust before the world, and I was arraigned for entertaining such religious faith as my conscience dictated. My deepest and most cherished feelings were torn with ruthless fingers, when I saw fit to exercise my birth-right as an American in seeking for the truth; and even the innocent and unoffending members of my family have recently been held up before the public as the subject of an indecent wager. Therefore, perhaps, it is that I feel this shrinking on this occasion, so that were I to consult my own emotions alone, I should not now stand before you. I have, however, rather yielded to a sense of duty, and to the solicitations of others. While, on the one hand, I acknowledge no submission to popular clamor; while I cannot bow in obedience to the conventionalities of society that would trammel my freedom; while I acknowledge no vassalage to the full Spirit of sectarianism, and claim the right to stand up in the supremacy of my reason, bowing to no authority save the source whence I derive it, on the other hand, I acknowledge the duty I owe to those who have imbibed and entertain the same faith I have, and who say to me I have no right to be so selfish as to close my lips, when I can be of service to so great a cause. Therefore I yield my own feelings and stand before you on this occasion. But I stop not now to endeavor to demonstrate to you the reality of intercourse between us and the Spirits of the departed. Such is not my purpose.

How vain, how futile would it be for me to attempt it! how idle and presumptuous the task, when God himself has planted the testimony in your midst, making it spring up at your own firesides, in every hamlet throughout the land, and in almost every habitation! But I come merely that I may say to you what it is that we who have investigated think we have discovered in relation to this mighty subject, and in the hope that many who have not investigated, may now be induced, by the results of our labors, to begin their investigations. There is much to learn. Even the most forward among us have learned little of that which is so freely proffered to us. The harvest is immense—the field is great—laborers are wanted for the work. Many minds are needed to investigate. Many difficulties are yet to be overcome. We have to contend with the prejudices of early education—the violence of religious dogmas—the active hostility of fear—against the most unhappy and palpable ignorance of the subject, not merely of the world at large, but even among ourselves. We have to contend even with our own fanaticism; for, I assure you, from my own experience and observation, that the fascination of this intercourse is so great, that its tendency is to lead the mind away from its proper judgment, and instill a spirit of fanaticism most revolting to the calm and rational mind. We have also to contend against the precocities of the age to build theories. Theory after theory is built in our ignorance, and we forget that all truth is slow in its progress with mankind; and the more important and vast the truth, the more difficult it is for the human mind to comprehend and theorize upon it. How many thousand years passed away before one truth was acknowledged, while mankind were building theories in regard to our planetary system! How often were well-established facts thrown aside, in order to sustain the theory that the earth was the center of the universe! At length facts enough were adduced to give the true philosophy to mankind. And we ask now, in reference to this great subject, such aid in its investigation that we may obtain facts enough upon which we can safely rest, and whence we may draw a conclusion acceptable to the understanding. It is no matter in what form that investigation may be prosecuted—whether at the table with its quiet rappings, or in the higher walks of Spiritual investigation—be it in what form it may, it is the number of minds we wish to enlist in this matter. [The planetary discoveries made by thousands of telescopes were here alluded to as an illustration of this principle.] We ask that intelligent minds of this country and of Christendom shall devote to this subject also the same attention, that out of this wide-spread investigation truth may come. There are many questions in reference to this whole subject of Spiritualism that the very best informed can not answer. We cannot say what it is that produces the raps; we cannot say what it is that causes the table to move; but we may know what is infinitely more important—that through these raps and this motion there is an intelligence which speaks to us that we can understand, and we may learn to make a practical and advantageous use of it. So we may not know what it is that causes a blade of grass to grow, but we know what use to make of it when it is grown. When Franklin made his discoveries in electricity, the theories he built were untenable enough, but the facts were well established, and he was wise enough to make a practical use of them. Mankind have for years enjoyed the benefit of those facts, without ever yet understanding the cause. Nay, they have gone, by further investigations, increasing their store of facts, while they are yet far from being able to understand why they are. So it is with Spiritualism. There are many things we cannot understand, yet we may know the reality, and make a practical use of it. What we ask is, that practical and intelligent minds should do as we have done—make a practical application of the knowledge of fact that stands before us. But many ask, what is the use—what benefit can possibly flow from it? With us, my friends, it is not the gratification of an idle curiosity—it is not to pander to a diseased appetite for the marvelous—it is something beyond that.

We believe that there is to be found in it much to improve the condition of man, both here and hereafter; and much to enlarge our knowledge of ourselves and of all of creation around us.

As to this life, we learn how intimate is the intercourse with the Spirits of the departed, how far

away since I became a firm believer in its facts and philosophy, and yet I have never, until now, addressed an assemblage of my fellow-citizens in this place upon this subject. In other parts of the United States—beginning with the East, and ending with the Mississippi—I have availed myself of the opportunity of speaking to many who were strangers to me; but never until now have I risen among those who have known me from my youth, and attempted to say aught upon this subject; and I can scarcely account for the repugnance I now feel. I entered upon its investigation at a time when to believe its truth was to me a treasure infinitely beyond aught that earth could confer. I pursued it earnestly, zealously, and I became a believer, not because I will it, for it was not long after my boyhood passed away before I was taught the important lesson that belief was not a matter of volition. But I was not desirous to thrust my opinions on others, and I pursued my inquiries, therefore, and imbued my belief, quietly, unobtrusively, and as I hoped, unoffendingly. But, to my surprise, I found that in this country, boasting of its freedom, I was not permitted to do it. I was not free to pursue the truth. I found my opinions thrust before the world, and I was arraigned for entertaining such religious faith as my conscience dictated. My deepest and most cherished feelings were torn with ruthless fingers, when I saw fit to exercise my birth-right as an American in seeking for the truth; and even the innocent and unoffending members of my family have recently been held up before the public as the subject of an indecent wager. Therefore, perhaps, it is that I feel this shrinking on this occasion, so that were I to consult my own emotions alone, I should not now stand before you. I have, however, rather yielded to a sense of duty, and to the solicitations of others. While, on the one hand, I acknowledge no submission to popular clamor; while I cannot bow in obedience to the conventionalities of society that would trammel my freedom; while I acknowledge no vassalage to the full Spirit of sectarianism, and claim the right to stand up in the supremacy of my reason, bowing to no authority save the source whence I derive it, on the other hand, I acknowledge the duty I owe to those who have imbibed and entertain the same faith I have, and who say to me I have no right to be so selfish as to close my lips, when I can be of service to so great a cause. Therefore I yield my own feelings and stand before you on this occasion. But I stop not now to endeavor to demonstrate to you the reality of intercourse between us and the Spirits of the departed. Such is not my purpose.

How vain, how futile would it be for me to attempt it! how idle and presumptuous the task, when God himself has planted the testimony in your midst, making it spring up at your own firesides, in every hamlet throughout the land, and in almost every habitation! But I come merely that I may say to you what it is that we who have investigated think we have discovered in relation to this

Poetry.

THE PRESS.

BY EBERHARD ELLIOT.

God said: "Let there be light!"
Grin darkness felt his might
And fled away;
Then startled sea and mountains cold
Shook forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried: "This day! This day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thunderous cloud, that flamed
Or dawns white—
And lo! the rose in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lady's breast,
And blushing, murmured, "Light!"

Then was the sky-lark born,
Then the rose-embellished corn,
Then flowers of praise
Flower of the sunny hills of noon;
And then in silent night, the moon
Faded forth her pale rays.

Lo, heaven's bright is glad,
Lo, trees and flowers all clad
In glory, bloom;
And shall the immortal sons of God
Be sensible as the flowers of God,
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the mind of man!
By the sweet artizan,
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy lights within,
And every form of grief and sin,
Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The abrid of hell has risen!
Mind and mind alone
In light, and hope, and power!
Earth's deepest night from this blessed hour,
The light of mind is gone.

"The Press," all hands shall sing,
"The Press, the Press, we bring,
All hands to bless!
O, paid want! O, labor start!
Behold we bring the second Ark!
The Press! the Press! the Press!"

TRY AGAIN.

A swallow in the Spring,
Came to our granary, and, with the doves,
Eased to make a nest, and there did bring
We earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but o'er her work was crowned,
Some said mislay the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
But not cast down, from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grass brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again, and laid about her care,
I looked, and lo! there the little swallows kept
What, the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
HAVE PATIENCE, AND STRUGGLE ON!

PATIENCE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

All precious things are slow of growth,
Beloved girls,
Be patient like the meaning sea
That waiteth ever patiently
Till tears are pearls.
Believe me, there is not a star,
Nor on a flower,
But teacheth this blessed truth,
Comfort and hope to sorrowing youth,
And patient power,
The game of cards,
Like those which burn o'er yonder skies,
And human hearts are silently
Prepared for birth.

[From the Christian Repository.]

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

I cannot say that I like the Spirit (Demon) of an article under this head in the last Repository, from the pen of "I. D. W." He seems to take it for granted that the Spiritual Manifestations of the present day, and being possessed of Devils in olden times, are the same thing.

If this is a fact, one thing is certain, there has been a great improvement in Devils (Spirits), for while the former seemed only intent on mischief, and tormenting their possessors, the latter seem to be imbued with the Spirit of kindness, and good will to men.

I believe the former, on one occasion, was the means of the destruction of a large amount of property, in causing death by drowning, of a large herd of swine. But I have never known the latter attempt anything of the kind, either in the destruction of property, or injury to any one, either in life or limb; but on the contrary, seem to be, not only harmless, but intent only on doing good, by giving the very best advice and counsel, and trying to help forward the best interests and happiness of their fellow men on earth.

Well, after all, this is one of the great doctrines of Spiritualism—Progression.

But it is said that it makes people crazy. Well, I don't know but farming will make men crazy, if they give "undue attention to it," especially if we look at it, as we see the grass and corn grow—in an awfully mysterious and marvellous light—and so may Spiritualism, if looked upon in the same light. But if looked upon as a subject capable of being investigated on natural and scientific principles, and in this way rid of its marvellousness, I can see no reason why it should lead to insanity.

But I commenced for the purpose of saying something of "Spiritualism" as it has manifested itself in this region, round about, for a short time past.

We have had nothing of the kind until quite lately. But now Spiritual communications have become as familiar as "household words."

We have tipping, writing, seeing, speaking, music teaching, and *crayoning* mediums. This last I believe is an entirely new development of Spiritualism. I have seen beautiful pictures, said to be good likenesses of persons that are dead, produced in this way. The mediums having no control of their hands to guide the pencil, but professedly guided by the Spirit of Guido. Several of these pictures can be seen at East Highgate, and more are being produced. Some by persons that have had experience in crayoning before, and some that have not.

Most of the communications as tipped or written out, are satisfactory and truthful so far as we know, though in some instances they have proved untrue. I have witnessed but little of it myself, but whatever answers have been given to questions in my presence, have been correct so far as I know. For instance, there has been asked how many persons were in the room—the number was given correctly, by before any one had time to count. A Spirit was asked how old he was when he died; sixty-six distinct raps with the legs of a stand on the floor were given, which was the age of the person. All questions of this kind or of a similar nature have been answered correctly. Those pertaining to things of which we know nothing, of course we cannot judge, only as we judge in other matters about things we know nothing of, but believe or disbelieve, as the evidence appears to us.

I do not write this as a *believer in Spiritualism*, but only as facts appear, which cannot be disputed. And as a believer that the subject is worthy of attention, and of careful investigation, and that a friendly searching discussion on the subject would do good.

E. B. R.

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convolutions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet, Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

EIGHTH DIALOGUE.

NECROMANCY.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. 26.]

When, on the contrary, you find no truth in the answers of your clairvoyant, then dismiss the Spirit who dictated those erroneous answers. It will be enough for that purpose to address him with the following words: "In the name of the Almighty God, I order you to withdraw if you are not the Spirit I called for, or sent by him." The clairvoyant will soon see the Spirit disappear. You will then ask again for the one you desire to see; but if you fail once more, do not believe that every thing is wrong in this science; be a little more patient, and you will soon find an occasion to be fully persuaded. Perhaps you did not, at first, deserve the favor of such a manifestation; perhaps, also, it was your lucid, who wanted a more complete development. Persevere in these experiments, and consult the books of which I spoke; you will soon learn what you want, and be repaid for your trouble by a complete success.

When you will have a good clairvoyant, you will want no more books on magic; to your eyes will be opened the book of universal knowledge.—You must only know how to read it; take care of your reason no less than your soul; for you must never forget that this road is paved with danger; where you expected to meet with roses, you will perhaps find nothing but thorns, and trusting to bathe in celestial waters, you may, by chance, fall into infernal spheres, and find many difficulties to get out of their snarls.

Humbleness and prudence are indispensable.—Avoid rash and *a priori* judgments; preserve your full liberty of examination; even if you do not succeed according to your wishes, never forget the respect which is due to such sublime manifestations. If man is to be dreaded in this world, an hundred times more so he is in the superior spheres. But as long as you love God and His works, you have nothing to fear.

Yes! Necromancy exists. Yes! there are Spirits and apparitions; happy those who become acquainted with them.

Did I want to strengthen my arguments, it would be enough for me to quote the opinions of my first adversary, Baron Du Potet, who must now be very sorry to have rejected my views on the Spiritual world. Hear what he says in his "Unveiled Magic," article "Preparatives":

"I believe that those we think dead, and bury as such, see and hear distinctly what is done around them."

This writer goes still farther in his article on "Magic Circles and Mirrors," where he says: "It is sometimes possible to chain this Spirit (who had been evoked) and keep him prisoner in the crystal recipient; it is from there, that he will excite the vision, and go and fetch the other Spirits with whom you may wish to enter into communication."

M. Du Potet's conclusion is that Magic and Human Magnetism are one and the same thing. If so, why does he entitle his book "Unveiled Magic," and pretend he is the discoverer of that science? He cannot but have read the works of Mesmer, Puysegur, Pététin, Deleuze, Ricard, Despine, Charde, Teste, &c., and all these writers have, before M. Du Potet, made experiments of the same kind. If any one can boast of having revealed Magic, it is undoubtedly Mesmer, and other magnetizers I have just named.

From the moment a person is so depending upon ourselves, as to see, feel, and think, according to our will, there is no limit to our power upon such a subject. Can we then say that we have discovered magic, because we are able to fix this subject in the middle of a circle, upon a line drawn on the ground, &c., &c.?

Certainly not! . . . Mesmer had, long ago, produced the same phenomena, and shown the time to his subjects, upon an imaginary dial which had never existed but in their over-excited brains.—Puysegur did the same thing, and struck, moreover, his servants at a distance. Putting any substance upon the epigastrium of his cataleptics, Pététin transformed it into any other substance at pleasure. Despine caused his lucids to cross lakes with the help of his stick. Charde! had a foresight of the Spiritual world. Ricard and Teste did about the same things. Billet evoked angels, obtained the moving of material objects, stopped bleeding, &c. M. Du Potet has not done anything that has not previously been done by these mesmerizers; he has, therefore, revealed nothing at all.

This learned man commits another great error, when he believes he can thus enclose a disembodied Spirit in a glass recipient. Paracelsus, too, thought he had enclosed a Spirit in the head of his cane, and M. Berlinger did the same thing with imps, shut up in glass jars upon his window.—When we read Cabalis, Curyotte, Walter Scott, and other authors of the same kind, we may be led to admit this imprisonment of Spirits. But do not believe such stories; Spirits are not so dependent upon our foolish desires; they rule and do not obey. Our ignorance and objectivity of speech can alone account for such errors. It is enough to shut up the name of a Spirit in a box, for having there an atom of his personality; but this is only a living image and not his true individuality. It is the child of our own creation, and cannot therefore transcend our powers. The same thing may be observed in the different degrees of the magnetic phenomena, where we become the lord and master of a subject, who, in his turn, enjoys the same privileges in his normal state.

In the whole book of Baron Du Potet, I see only one thing new, viz.: his distinction between the arcanes of the lines of goodness and wickedness.—But I protest also against this very novelty, because it has no right to existence. When I publicly offered to evocate the dead, Baron Du Potet tried to perplex me by the most contradictory experiments; but I have the satisfaction to say I did not refuse to comply with any of his pretensions; it is only by doing so that I think a question of this kind may fairly be examined.

It is true that I intended in my turn, to address the following proposition to my antagonist: "Let him draw his line of good and evil, upon a movable plan; let him concentrate on the whole as much power as he pleases, and permit the spectators to throw upon it a simple veil. Then let M. Du Potet or his clairvoyant try to make their usual experiments." I am sure that fifteen times out of twenty it will be a complete failure. What then will

remain of his famous book? Nothing but its enormous price. I close this dissertation by assuring you that Necromancy will soon lose its mystic character, and become a preparatory and indispensable study, to form the moral and religious education of every man.

CONCLUSION.

ALBERT.—I hope I gave you the most complete information about the questions we have studied. I might have made many more quotations. But by running too much upon these questions, I was afraid to tire my readers. You might, perhaps, have yourself found some pleasure in my digressions; but I could not reasonably expect the same indulgence from the public. Such are my motives to close this examination here; perhaps I may resume it on a future occasion.

I flatter myself that this book is a more complete treatise on magic, than those you may find in works of far higher pretensions. I do not know a single book that treats this subject in a practical and positive point of view, . . . and yet I have read a great many volumes on this matter. They are all written in a pompous and bombastic tone which shows the chaos of a demonstration. I think, therefore, that my readers may derive a practical advantage from this treatise, provided they observe faithfully the precepts it contains, and which I shall recall to their memory in a few words as possible.

Our first dialogue examines all the manifestations which are attributed to magic. This sort of introduction gives a fair idea of the immensity of that science; it shows its antiquity, the number of eminent men it reckons among its adepts, and records all sorts of manifestations which have, in every age, attracted the sages. I quoted many proper names which may be usefully employed in experiments of this nature.

In our second dialogue we examined the phenomena of Fascination. I proved that since and before Moses, this arcanum had been known and practiced in every part of the world, and that the only difference this age of progress may offer, is a more easy access to every body. In would be absurd, in fact, to deny the powerful help we derive from our more exact acquaintance with optics, mechanics, narcotics, hashish, belladonna, laughing gas, &c., &c. I have demonstrated how true will be able to give a real objective existence to any thought whatsoever. I thought, and think still, proper to call your attention to the little-known phenomena of sympathy—of this universal faculty which, like gunpowder, may be kindled by the touch of the spark that reached its first atoms.

There is certainly something of this kind in general fascinations; only the sparkle which dazzles all eyes, is not to be met with in every mortal.

Our third conversation treats the question of Magical Mirrors. Here again I have made you acquainted with everything known at the present day. Nowhere could you find anything more complete upon the making up of these instruments, their power and antiquity. When I proposed you my cabalistic mirror, I was far from thinking that my supposition of the government of celestial bodies by Spirit, would so soon be confirmed, as it has been in the famous work of Victor Hennequin, entitled "Savours le Genre Humain," &c., &c.

You may now operate with these instruments as certainly as Castiglione himself. I must only correct the error I committed in speaking of black-lead as a sort of lead. Black-lead is one of the purest forms of carbon, and has nothing to do with the metal from which it derives its name.

In our fourth conversation I spoke of the phenomena of suspension and carrying away. I quoted eighty-eight facts which cost me ten years' labor and research. I could not have then thought that the Spiritual manifestations which were then beginning to astonish America, would so soon appear in France, under the form of table-talking, table-speaking, &c., &c.

When I spoke of this in 1848, to M. Hebert de Garay, editor of the "Magnetic Journal," that gentleman said to me: "Let me witness the motion of a mere sheet of paper, and I shall admit the action of an imperceptible substance upon a ponderable one. I admit, as true, the facts of magnetic attraction which you quote in favor of your magical suspensions; but then, it is life that deals with life, motion with motion. Your suspensions, on the contrary, are nothing but the negation of the inertia of matter."

This antagonist is now one of the most ardent advocates of table-turning, &c. But—faithful follower of his master, who was so often mistaken in these Spiritualistic questions—he said at first that he admitted these phenomena because they proved *a priori* the existence of Spirits. Yet, to-day, he publicly says that Spirits have nothing to do with these singular facts, and that they are determined by the will of one of the actors unconsciously mesmerized. This proposition is more difficult to admit than the Spiritual theory; but, without insisting on its transcendentalism, we shall say that tables turn, speak, and move, be the cause of these facts what it may. Now I affirm that they do so under an imperceptible action; it is therefore evident that an imperceptible force moves a ponderable substance. That is all we intended to establish, and it is put out of question by some few pieces of wood.

I am, perhaps, a little too long in this demonstration, which cost me, as I said, ten years of assiduous labor. But I hope you will rejoice with me at the success of my views, established by the actual manifestations. Without this happy circumstance, I should certainly have passed for a fool.

Our fifth dialogue considers Compacts, and gives the formula of the evocation, and an outline of the composition of cabalistic circles.

We have then examined the question of Talismans, and spoke on that occasion, of the virtues ascribed by Swedenborg to metals and precious stones.

I afterwards spoke of the properties ascribed to them by books on magic. I gave the description of the talisman proposed by Adele, and my own. I may add here another talisman which I extract from my third volume of the "Celestial Telegraph," having the following title: "Revelation on Divine Justice, and free Justice of Men." Every one ought to be informed of this profound revelation, and then subjoin the following simple words: "In the name and virtue of this divine and human justice, I command every evil Spirit never to trouble my life; otherwise I shall have recourse to this infinite justice, and punish you for such offence." This declaration must then be signed, and worn day and night with the small pamphlet I give gratuitously to any one who asks of me, trusting to God and public generosity for its reprint.

We closed that dialogue by a discussion on the Charms of Wind. I quoted the most curious facts I could find in the library of magic, of which I spoke in the beginning of this work. But I will here complete this study, by relating very recent experiments made with a great number of my friends.

[To be continued.]

THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

Great possibilities lie coiled up in little actualities. The world is full of secret springs; we know not when we touch them; we touch them every day. Every step is on an unseen spring. Every Actual seed is a Possible plant and succession of plants in an almost infinite ratio. And what is not a seed? An apple falls on Newton's head, and the accident produces the seed of a magnificent science which has been, and is, and will everlastingly be, shedding its light and glory in a universe of minds. That apple fell on a spring of thought; and the recoil of that spring lifts a universe into glory. It was an actual accident holding within itself the Possible culture, development, and growing light and reverence of countless minds. A little seed was that apple-fall, but it embosomed magnificent possibilities.

A merry devotee of Bacchus drinking off his flask of brandy threw it in reckless sport into the fire, containing a little liquor. Lying quietly in the coals for a few moments, it burst with a loud report. Wonder seized the reveler. A spring of thought was touched, and the power of steam discovered. A strange, drunken seed to hold such glorious possibilities! Yet from that seed has grown the mighty engine that propels our commerce and drives our world of machinery.

A German boy crushed his finger, and to quiet the aching plunged it in a spring of cold water; the finger healed marvelously well; and now ten thousand men and women bathe every day in cold water, and as many babies laugh and jump in its liquid tides, while round the world are sung in verse and pronounced in oration the marvels of its healing and health-giving power. Who would have believed that such splashing, bathing, showering, douching, rubbing, sheet-rapping, cleansing, health-blooming possibilities were coiled up in the German boy's accident?

Not long since Robert Raikes formed a little class of poor children teach to them on Sunday. And now almost every church in Christendom has its Sunday-school, the nursery of early piety, the recruiting office of the army of the Cross, the promise of the Church, and the hope of the World—a little Actual with a rich Possibility.

In the winter of 1820 there stood on the cold, bleak rock of Plymouth the little crew of the Mayflower. Viewed in its Actual aspect, it was a cheerless, pitiable sight. What sympathetic heart in the Old World would not have bled could it have seen that famished and wearied band of exiles as they climbed up that inhospitable shore, with the rolling ocean behind them which they could not recross, the wild, savage world before, and the cold winter gathering around them? Yet could the glorious possible of that sight have burst on any mind, those forlorn strangers would have been pronounced the most fortunate and happy of their kind. Not a king in Europe but would have changed places with them.

One thousand eight hundred and fifty-four years ago Jesus preached his singular sermon, "Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,"—that kingdom which he said was as a grain of mustard seed. Its Actual was the least of all kingdoms, the most uncomplimentary of all enterprises—a lone son of a mechanic, from a despised village, rejected of the elders, despised of all the wise and great. Its Possible no tongue can describe, no pen foreshow, no prophet announce, no vision comprehend. It is to be the kingdom of all kingdoms, the consummation of all good, the triumph of truth, the universal reign of right, the hallowed home of eternal love and peace.

The Actual and the Possible of things are wide apart. They bear not the faintest resemblance to each other. The prophecies that lie hid in the Actual no man may read; and when read, no man may wisely deny them. It is not safe to say what may not be. It is wiser rather to reverently conclude that all things are Possible with God. What he will bring forth conservative man may not predict.

What Possibilities are in a drop of water, a magnet, an accident, a word, a truth, an event, a life, a soul, no man knoweth. The future is hid. The Possible is God's secret. The Actual is all we may know at the time of its existence. The history of the outcomings of past Actualities should teach us to have a reverent faith in all things, to expect much of little, to look for power out of weakness, wisdom out of folly, holiness out of sin, glory out of darkness, and death out of life. If history teaches us anything, it is to be believing, hoping, to have a reverent looking for something great and good.

There is a fearful danger hanging over many Actualities. Events that seem happy in the Actual are sometimes pregnant with death. There is an outcome to everything. What it is we may know not till it appears. Yet events are not a little in our hands. The Possible of our lives is somewhat within our control. Our Possible destiny is much of our own molding. "The child of destiny," as Napoleon was called, was rather the child of his own will. The Actual Napoleon, in childhood, could have been seen as he was, would have predicted the Napoleon of manhood.

Childhood is a prophecy of manhood; just as an acorn is a prophecy of an oak. Parents hold their Possible child not a little at their will. The springs that move every power in his soul lie in them.—They do much to mark his possibilities. Genius is made before birth. It is a bright parental gift. Mysteriously grand is the parental power. Who can tell how a mother's awakened soul, how a lofty mood of mind, a trance of love, a glow of faith, a vision of beauty, a resolute purpose, a flash of wit, may mark the mind of her embryonic child?—What Possibilities sleep in the Actual powers of maternity! It is a grand but fearful power.—Could Joan of Arc have brought forth a child from the fresh, high inspirings of her soul, in its period of power and beauty, who can tell what Possibilities would have slept in its young soul? We undervalue maternity. It is the grandest gift of God to mortals. It embosoms richer Possibilities than any other. The short period of maternity has ages of Possibilities in it. Mothers should know it, and harmonize their souls for the exercise of their marvelous gifts.

MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCES.—One man sucks an orange and is choked by a pit, another swallows a penknife and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand and no skill can save him, another has a shaft of a gig driven completely through his body and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth common and breaks his neck, another is tossed out of a gig on Brighton Cliff and survives; one walks out on a windy day and meets death by a brickbat, another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hutton in Gurnsey Castle, and comes down uninjured. The escape of this nobleman is indeed a miracle. An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother, wife, and some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged in his bed, and he escaped with a shaft of a gig driven completely through his body and recovers. Perceiving a mighty disorder, he was well he might, he was going to leap out of his bed to know what the matter was, which if he had done he had been irrevocably lost; but in the instant of his moving

a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he lay still till the people came and took him down.—*Boston Transcript.*

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MADAME GUYON.

[Continued from No. 29.]

A lady, who was an exile, came to my father's house. He offered her an apartment in which she accepted, and she staid there long time. She was one of great piety and inwardness. She had a singular kindness for me, because she saw that I had a desire to love God and that I employed myself in the exterior works of charity. She remarked that I had the virtues of an active and bustling life; but that it was not in the simplicity of prayer she was in. She sometimes dropped a word to me on that subject, but as my time was not yet come, I did not understand her. She served me more by her example than her words. I observed on her countenance something which marked a great enjoyment of the presence of God. I tried, by the force of head and of thoughts, to gain to myself, but with much trouble, the little purpose. I wanted to have by efforts what I could not acquire but in ceasing from efforts.

My father's nephew, of whom I have made mention before, was returned from Cochinchina, to carry over some priests from Europe. Exceedingly glad I was to see him, well remembering what good his first passing by had done me. The lady above mentioned was no less glad than myself; and they conversed together in a Spiritual language.—The virtue of this excellent relation charmed me; and I admired his continual prayer, without being able to comprehend it. I endeavored to meditate and to think on God without intermission, to utter prayers and ejaculations, but could not acquire by all my toil, what God gave me himself, and which is experienced only in simplicity. My cousin did all he could to attach me more strongly to God.—He conceived a vast affection for me. The purity he observed in me from the corruptions of the age, the abhorrence of sin at a time of life when others are beginning to relish the pleasures of it, (for I was not yet eighteen years old) gave him a tenderness for me. I complained to him of my faults ingeniously, for I had been sufficiently illuminated in regard to them; but, as the difficulty of entirely reforming myself much abated my courage, he cheered and exhorted me to support myself, and to persevere in my good endeavors for it.

I believe his prayers were more effectual than his words; for no sooner was he gone out of my father's house, than thou, oh my divine Love! manifested thy signal regard to me. The desire I had to please thee, the tears I shed, the manifold pains I underwent, the labors I sustained, and the little fruit I reaped from them moved thee with compassion. Thou gave me in a moment, by thy grace, what I could not procure for myself by all my efforts. Such was the condition of my soul, when by a goodness so much the greater, as I had rendered myself the more unworthy of it, thou sent the favorable breath of thy divine operative Power to make me steer with full sails over the sea of afflictions.

At length God permitted a religious person, very devout, of the order of St. Francis, to pass by my father's habitation. Being newly come out of a five years' solitude, he was surprised that I was the first to address him. He spoke not a word for some time. I knew not what to attribute his silence to. I did not hesitate to speak to him, and to tell him some of the few words my difficulties about prayer. He presently replied, "It is, Madam, because you seek without what you have within.—Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will find him."

Having said these words, he left me. They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which pierced my heart asunder. I felt at this instant a wound very deep, smitten with the love of God; a wound so delightful that I desired it never to be cured.—These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years; or rather they made me discover what was there, and which I did not enjoy for want of knowing it. Oh my Lord! Thou wast in my heart, and I did not know it. The presencing of my mind inward to make me feel the presencing of God infinite Goodness! Thou wast so near, and I ran hither and thither seeking thee, and yet found thee not. My life was a burden to me, and my happiness was within myself. I was poor in the midst of riches, and ready to perish with hunger, near a table plentifully spread, and a continual feast. Oh Beauty, ancient and new! Why have I known thee so late! Alas! I sought thee where thou wast not, and did not seek thee where thou wast. I was ignorant of understanding, these words of thy gospel, "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo here or lo there: for behold the kingdom of God is within you." This I now experienced, since thou became my King, and my heart thy kingdom, where thou reigned as Sovereign, and did all thy Will. This fell out on Magdalen's Day, 1668.

I told this man, that I did not know what he had done to me, that my heart was quite changed, that God was there, for from that moment he had given me an experience of his presence in my soul; not by thought or any application of mind, but as a thing which I possessed after the sweetest manner. The night was dark, and I was alone. I said to myself, as precious ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. For I felt in my soul an union which, as a salutary perfume, healed in a moment all my wounds. I slept not all that night, because thy love, oh my God! flowed in me like delicious oil; and burned as a fire which was going to devour all that was left of self in an instant. I was on a sudden so altered that I was hardly to be known either by myself or others. I found no more those troublesome faults of reluctances.—They all disappeared, as being consumed, like chaff in a great fire.

ANCIENT BABYLON.—It will not be forgotten that the French Government, two or three years ago, sent three gentlemen to make scientific and artistic researches in Media, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia. One of them, M. Jules Oppert, has just returned to Paris, and it appears from his report that he and his colleagues thought it advisable to begin by confining themselves to the exploration of ancient Babylon. This task was of immense difficulty, and was enhanced by the excessive heat of the sun, by privations of all kinds, and by the incessant hostility of the Arabs. After a while M. Oppert's two colleagues fell ill, so that all the labor of the expedition devolved on him. The first of all made excavations in the ruins of the famous suspended gardens of Babylon, which are now known by the name of the Hall of Amranion-Ali; and he obtained in them a number of curious architectural and other objects, which are destined to be placed in the Louvre at Paris, and which will be described hereafter. He next in obedience to the special orders of his Government took measures for ascertaining the precise extent of Babylon, a matter which the reader is aware has always been open to controversy. He has succeeded in making a series of minute surveys, and in drawing up detailed plans of the immense city. His opinion is, that even the largest calculations as to its vast extent are not exaggerated; and he puts down the extent of that extraordinary figure of 500 square kilometres, French measure (the square kilometre is 100 square yards). This is nearly 18 times the size of Paris. But of course he does not say that this enormous area was occupied or any thing like it; it comprised within the walls huge tracts of cultivated lands and gardens, for supplying the population with food in the event of a siege.

M. Oppert has discovered the Babylonian and Assyrian measures, and by means of them has ascertained exactly what part of the city was inhabited, and what part was in fields and gardens. On the limits of the town, properly so called, stands at present the flourishing town of Hilla. This town, situated on the banks of the Euphrates, is built with bricks from the ruins, and many of the household utensils and personal ornaments of its inhabitants are taken from them also. Beyond this town is the vast fortress strengthened by Nebuchadnezzar, and in the midst of it is the royal palace, itself almost as large as a town. M. Oppert says that he was also able to distinguish the ruins of the famous Tower of Babel—they are most imposing, and stand on a site formerly called Borsippa, or the Tower of Language. The royal town, situated on the two banks of the Euphrates, covers a space of nearly seven square kilometres, and contains most interesting ruins. Amongst them are those of the royal palace, the fortress, and the suspended

gardens. In the collection of curiosities which M. Oppert has brought away with him is a vase, which he declares to date from the time of one of the Chaldean sovereigns named Narambel, that is, somewhere about one thousand six hundred years before Jesus Christ; also a number of copies of curious inscriptions, which he has reason to believe that he will be able to decipher.

"GOD MADE HIM."—We extract the following from Fanny Fern's latest work, entitled "Ruth Hall":

"Time for papa to come," said little Daisy, seating herself on the low door-step; "the sun has crept away round the big apple tree," and Daisy chook back her hair, and setting her little gloves on her knees, sat with her chin in her palms, dreamingly watching the shifting clouds. A butterfly alights on a blade of grass near her; Daisy springs up, her long hair floating like a veil about her shoulders, and her tiny feet scarce bending the clover blossoms, and tip-toes carefully along in pursuit.

He's gone, Daisy, but never mind; like many other coveted treasures, he would lose his brilliancy if caught. Daisy has found something else; she closes her hands over it, and returns to her old watch-post on the door-step. She seats herself again, and loses her tiny hand, and creeps a great bushy caterpillar. Daisy places him carefully on the back of her little blue-veined hand, and he commences his travels up the polished arm, and the little round shoulders. When he reaches the lace sleeve, Daisy's laugh rings out like a robin's carol; then she puts him back, to travel the same smooth road again.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy," said Ruth, stepping up behind her, "what an ugly playfellow; put him down, darling, I cannot bear to see him on your arm."

"Why, God made him," said little Daisy, with sweet upturned eyes of wonder.

"True, darling," said Ruth, in a hushed whisper, kissing the child's brow with a strange feeling of awe.

"Keep him, Daisy, dear, if you like."

What could be purer or sweeter than this simple touching sentence, "Why, God made him?"

THE MUSES.—The Muses are described in Mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They are believed to preside over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number.

Calliope presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a close-rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet.

Clio was the goddess of history, and is represented as holding a half-open scroll.

Melpomene, the mistress and goddess of tragedy, represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger.

Erato presided over lyric, tender, and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with roses and myrtle, holding a lyre in her hand.

Terpsichore was the goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel, and holding a musical instrument.

Urania, the muse of Astronomy, is represented as holding a globe and a rod, with which she points out objects.

Thalia was the patroness of comedy. She was called "The Blooming One," with fair flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

Polymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harangue.

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—The universally accredited theory, that the moon is uninhabitable because she has no atmosphere, has received from a recent discovery, a blow that will unsettle it